THE INQUIRER

INCORPORATING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND THE UNITARIAN HERALD

ORGAN OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY
AND FREE RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP

ESTABLISHED IN 1842 REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

No. 5712 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1951 Price Threepence

FREEDOM FOR WHAT?

Three Point Programme

THE ARTICLE "Three Point Programme" which appeared in THE INQUIRER of December 15 has caused considerable interest. Besides the correspondence that has been received upon the subject we have been informed that it is being discussed by organisations in the churches. We are holding over further correspondence until next week, when it will be easier to present a more comprehensive selection and summary. Meanwhile, if you have not written and feel disposed to do so, let us have your correspondence at once.

There is a fact little noted among the Churches of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches. It is the extent to which congregations are made up of members who have joined them from other denominations. It is a fact that in some congregations eighty per cent. of the members is composed of entirely new adherents. This is probably unique in the composition of churches. But it is a sign of weakness as well as of strength. For where, it must be asked, is the original congregation in those churches where the preponderance of new members is so strong? Obviously the original Unitarians have not stayed the course. Yet there must be something spiritually urgent in the Unitarian position for so many new adherents—comparatively—to be joining.

Not Another "Going"

The faith (in humility) is not the same as others. If it were not different in the sense that it demands new spiritual insights there would not be much purpose in maintaining a separate witness. The core of the Unitarian faith lies in the demands it makes upon the individual soul. There is not the slightest use in hurking that issue. It is not an "easier" faith than others; if it were there would be little use in adopting it. It is a much harder faith. Otherwise there would be no point in accepting it as one. A religion which is accepted because it is easy is not a religion, it is a petty piece of escapism. There is only one real reason for being a Unitarian; it is that it makes profounder spiritual demands than any other spiritual experience known to the person. Probably why some of the original congregations have dwindled is because this inner demand has not been felt. Church going was like any other "going", it was just done. A religion can only live when it is felt to make demands that no other human experience can do. If it is just an experience similar to others then with the greatest ease it can be thrown over or exchanged without thought for another. The true inner release of a religion is that it makes more demands on a person than any other kind of spiritual knowledge, and at the same time it creates the power to respond to the demands. A real religion recreates and fulfils the person. A real religion is some kind of continuous conversion, an abiding adventure in which the person is being continuously renewed. There is no end to learning in religion and no end to growth.

The New Relationship

The release which new adherents feel when they join a Unitarian church is precisely this sense of renewal and new inner vision. The old doubts and perplexities have vanished. A new relationship of soul has been established in which the soul can breathe again and grow strong. Of course, there is also an important intellectual element. A man can think his own thoughts and not be bound by systems which—to him—"have had their day and ceased to be". This is important. Intellectual integrity is fundamental. But always the question remains integral for what? Freedom is important, but freedom for what? To treat intellectual integrity and freedom as ends in themselves is to ignore the fundamentals of religion. These are found in the relationship between a man's soul and his Maker (or whatever designation, theological or otherwise, he gives to Almighty God).

The Core of Faith

This is the core of the Unitarian faith. It is not intellectual integrity, although this is fundamental; it is not freedom, although this is fundamental also. These values only exist to enable a man, in religion, to realise more fully his relationship with the divine. The justification of the Unitarian faith is that it enables men to feel more vividly the power of the divine running along the edges of the spirit. A man should feel his manhood and fulfilment more intensely, and he should feel this through the more urgent demands made upon him.

The Unitarian faith is not realised if it is not realised in its heroism of spirit. It is probable that the use of that word heroism creates discomfort and self-consciousness at once. Yet if that faith is not heroism of spirit, what is it? Would anyone dare give an alternative answer, and an answer in face of all that is waiting to be done in the world? No man today who feels and acts in the sight of destiny can dare slink by on the other side with the request, "Don't notice me, I do not want to be bothered". That is not religion, it is the request of the spiritual coward.

A Cosmos of Values

Unitarianism is the spiritual discovery that the true relationship between a man and his Maker is one that is immediate, direct and complete; that there is no medium either of Church or creed that can be substituted for this direct communion; that all moral values spring from this communion, the man standing alone and God being alone with him. It is the affirmation that every human being is not merely a self or a social individual but a whole cosmos of values equal to the cosmos of values outside him. No state or institution, no Church or creed, is greater than the individual. Only God is greater than the individual, and to him and to him alone does the self offer its loyalty, and in fulfilled experience, all its love. A man acts truthfully because of this truth, and mainly because this knowledge of the good runs through all his emotions, will and intellect.

This, sooner or later, is heroism of the spirit. Does anyone put it lower than that? Are the members of Unitarian and Free Christian churches sure that it has not been put lower?

JESUS AS A TEACHER OF ADULTS

(1) HIS APPROACH

By Joyce Hazlehurst

FOR ONE year, 1947-8, I studied for an M.A. degree in the Adult Education Department of Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City. This post-graduate course, designed for students already experienced in adult education, and including some research, has been invaluable to me in church work; I draw upon the lessons learnt there all the time. In particular, the insight I gained into the way in which adults learn and so into the teaching methods most likely to help them, has made me look afresh at some of the world's great teachers of adults—Socrates, Origen and a number of others—to see how far they used the principles taught me at Teachers College. Needless to say, my object has been to test the principles, not the teachers! nevertheless the principles have stood the test well. In this article I propose to examine them in the light of the approach used by Jesus in teaching adults. A second article will concentrate upon the teaching method of his parables.

To reduce a year's study to three principles means drastic pruning, yet I do not think I am being unfair to my American teachers if I state that they emphasised these fundamentals:—

(1) Teachers of adults are dealing with living minds which learn by experience and discovery. Teachers do not impart information and ideas so much as set minds in motion.

(2) Teachers of adults are dealing with people who come to class or church only if they want to do so. Children are forced to attend centres of learning; adults have to be attracted. They are so attracted if they believe the teaching fulfils a need in their lives.

(3) Teachers of adults are dealing with people conscious of their mature status and experience of life. They resent being treated like children and are frightened of being humiliated. They learn best from teachers with whom they enjoy friendship, mutual respect and shared experience.

When I think of the teaching approach of Jesus as revealed in the Gospels, I find these principles clearly illustrated. First, Jesus always gives the impression of being conscious of *life*, hidden springs of action, sources of vitality, to which others were blind. "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." When Gweney, the maidservant in the play, *The Late Christopher Bean*, is asked what an artist taught her, she replies, "It was mostly things to see, I suppose". The same answer might have been given by those who heard Jesus. What he saw, they began to see for themselves. His trust in those he taught is amazing. "Go thy way; from henceforth sin no more." "Go thy way", is frequently on his lips. Not "Report to me in a week's time" or "Take a year's instruction from me", but after only one contact, "Go thy way". Not his the suspicion of a dictator, always indoctrinating and questioning his followers, but the trust of a teacher who knows his student's mind to be in touch with living truth.

Secondly, I find the distinctive note of Jesus' teaching (compared with that of John the Baptist, for example) to be an invitation to receive what he had to offer rather than a warning to repent "or else . . . .". "Come unto me": Jesus is conscious of his drawing power, his gifts of healing and forgiveness, his bread of life, his living water. He has much to give people and he yearns to be allowed to give it. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Admittedly, like John the Baptist, he calls people to repentance, but the repentance he inspires springs not so much from fear of the wrath to come as from a new vision of God. A call to repentance out of fear and with no vision of God is a lifeless and unattractive message which Jesus did not use. He attracted people by what he had to give them, and therefore "the common people heard him gladly".

Thirdly, except among hard-hearted "hypocrites", Jesus' attitude to people was gentle, encouraging and friendly. He treated outcasts with respect. He was the friend of sinners. With his disciples he was approachable. "I have called you friends", he said, and he washed their feet. When the centurion of Capernaum brought him to heal his servant, he said, "... Only say the word, and thy servant shall be healed. For I also am a man under authority, having under myself soldiers: and I say to this one, Go and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh". Those words "I also" are very interesting; here is a man appealing from his own human experience to the experience of the Master—that shared experience of life, which as we shall see in our study of the parables, must necessarily be the foundation of teaching. Jesus did not resent the centurion's familiarity; he marvelled at his faith.

In contrast to all this, the modern "religion of crisis" makes a chasm between man and God. The ordinary joys and loves and goodness of life have no link with God at all. The religious teacher is left with no common experience of life on which to build. Much harping upon the theme of total depravity is bad pedagogy, as Professor Hocking has pointed out; nobody teaches a man anything by humiliating him. Jesus did not humiliate people; he respected them. He respected their individuality, their needs and their innate goodness. Respect springs from love. The secret of Jesus' greatness as a teacher is that he loved people. He was not irritated by them, frustrated by them or "martyred" by them, as we often are. He loved them, he yearned over them and he prayed for them—and they knew it.

(To be continued.)

THE PALE SCHOLAR OF BASLE

THE FIRST GREAT DEFENCE OF TOLERATION

By John H. McLachlan

SELDOM has a great chapter in the struggle for intellectual and religious liberty found such a story-teller as Stefan Zweig. And seldom has there been such a story to tell. This translation* of Zweig's *Castellio against Calvin or Conscience against Violence*, originally published in Vienna in 1936, is a reprint by the Beacon Press which does it credit. Though there is no reference to the fact, it appears a little ahead of the Castellio celebrations due to take place in 1954, the quarter centenary of *De Haereticis, an sint persequendi . . .*, Castellio's first manifesto on behalf of Toleration. It is a reminder of the debt all liberty-loving people owe to one who, almost alone, spoke up against Calvin's will-to-power, who by his noble championship of freedom brought upon himself savage reprisals, and who, though apparently crushed and defeated during his lifetime, fell only to live and fight again in others' works and others' struggles.

Declared Montaigne, "There are triumphant losses more to be envied than victories". Such was Castellio's, the man who wrote on the Basle copy of his polemic against Calvin, "A fly attacking an elephant". He knew well the odds arrayed against him. Yet he saw where duty lay and "could do no other".

Born in Dauphiné in 1515, Sebastian Castellio was educated at Lyons, where he acquired a reputation as a classical scholar. At the age of twenty-four, he became a convert to the Reformation and left Lyons for Strasbourg where he first met Calvin, then an exile from Geneva. After Calvin's recall, Castellio received an invitation to become a teacher in the college there. In Geneva he began his life-work—the translation of the Bible into Latin, and subsequently into French. Inspired by the example of Erasmus and Luther, this great humanist toiled nightly at the task, working hard by day to maintain his family. Finding his remuneration small, he sought admission to the pastorate. But Calvin blocked the way. The Genevan dictator recognised in him too independent a mind and spirit. "There are important reasons against this appointment", wrote Calvin to Farel. It seems that Castellio held that the *Song of Solomon* was a secular poem and that he interpreted the descent of Jesus into hell in another sense from Calvin!

Henceforward the two men's paths diverged. Calvin still further riveted his yoke upon Geneva, whilst Castellio left for Basle, embracing poverty rather than submit to domination. Here he spent eight poverty-stricken years, correcting proofs, teaching, fishing, and shovelling earth in a suburb of the city. At last, in the year of Servetus's death, he was made Professor of Greek at the University of Basle. Continuing his translation of the Bible, he gained the affection and respect of both colleagues and students. Meanwhile, on Calvin's initiative, Servetus had met his death at the stake.

*Stefan Zweig: *The Right to Heresy: Castellio against Calvin*. Boston. The Beacon Press (1950) $3.

Most humanists of the day, though deploring this event, kept silent. But Castellio raised his voice in passionate protest, and penned the first great defence of toleration. He took his stand for freedom of religious opinion and put Calvin in the dock. The question at issue was whether the powerful had the right to kill persons who hold views other than theirs—an issue still alive today. In an age of cruelty and oppression, when Calvin's henchman, Beza, could speak of liberty of conscience as "a devilish dogma", this poor defenceless scholar could write: "To seek truth and to utter what one believes to be true can never be a crime. No one must be forced to accept a conviction. Conviction is free". And again, as he contemplated the wrong done to Servetus—and in Servetus to mankind in general—he cried, "To burn a man alive does not defend a doctrine, but slays a man".

With implacable hatred for years Calvin pursued Castellio, endeavouring to prevent the circulation of his first protest, and, later, succeeding in suppressing his second book, *Contra libellum Calvini* altogether, so that for fifty years it did not see the light of day. Denounced by Beza as "the chosen of Satan", Castellio was, on Calvin's instigation, eventually indicted as an enemy of religion and protector of heretics and criminals. But death intervened at last to claim Calvin's victim. He died at the age of 48, worn out by labour and privation.

The story of this clash between authority and freedom, between the spirit of tyranny and the indomitable soul of man, is finely retold by Stefan Zweig. Basing his work on the original historical documents, he describes Calvin's seizure of power in Geneva, his organisation of terror, "the Servetus affair", and Castellio's fight for toleration.

Though momentarily suppressed at his death, Castellio's ideals outlived their creator. Acontius, Coornhert and the Remonstrants in Holland, Descartes, Spinoza, Voltaire and many others were influenced by his writings. Liberal Christianity, in fact, owes more to him than to most sixteenth or seventeenth century writers. Strangely neglected by conservative and liberal alike, it is time to give honour to whom honour is due! Honour, then, to the pale scholar of Basle who fought the battle of freedom so long ago and demonstrated the invincibility of the human soul. "His sacred stubbornness", writes Zweig, "stamps for all time as a hero this 'unknown soldier' in mankind's great war of liberation. . . . Castellio and Calvin were the symbolical expressions of an invisible but irreconcilable conflict: toleration versus fanaticism, individuality against mechanical uniformity, conscience against violence." It is the wider aspect of this struggle, continued into our day, which gives this book its timely significance, and reminds us that no violence can ultimately subdue the free spirit nor quell the voice of humaneness.

IT OCCURRED TO ME

By Muriel Hilton

IT SOMETIMES happens by a strange coincidence that a train of thought runs through certain experiences linking them together. At the Maidstone Women's League recently two members gave a most fascinating talk on "The Miracle of Water". They gave us an all-round idea of the importance that water had played in the history of mankind; its absolute importance to all kinds of life; the way certain philosophers had regarded it and not least the poetry of water. Most of those present agreed that like a lot of things we did not realise how necessary it was until we had frozen pipes and dry wells, then we knew only too well how it is part of every day. Rupert Brooke's lines in his poem "The Great Lover" were quoted: "the heaven of hot water", and we realised how often hot water was indeed a heaven.

In the same week a friend gave "A Personal Anthology" and we were made aware through poetry and prose of the pleasures of the earth and gardens in all seasons, of birds, flowers, rain and the inestimable solace of working in a garden however small. The next week a friend gave a talk which was in essence in praise of the bee and honey. She fascinated her audience by her account of the life of a hive, the way honey has been an integral part of the life of man for thousands of years and that until the population swelled in this country out of all proportion, honey was in the everyday diet of man. Though her own joy in her subject we were transported to June gardens, to apple blossom, clover fields, and lime trees. There were apt quotations from the Bible and other ancient scriptures to support the wonderful benefits of gathered nectar, and I am not exaggerating when I say that all there, because of the speaker's love for her subject became honey-conscious and decided to make it part of their food. Water, gardens, bees and honey—these were the subjects which brought forth paeans of praise, and we wondered, perhaps, if our enjoyment of hearing about these common things, of having our wonder kindled again was because these things have always been a part of man's life and we were therefore participating in an inherited racial enjoyment.

* * * * *

I recently came across this criticism of a poet by A. E. which I thought might be of interest to those who care for poetry and religion. "He turns in his verses from his own speculations to dream of things which have that natural peace which seems so desirable to those who have lost it, and have not yet come to the peace which is won at length by the stern will and the indefatigable mind which have come through many tests to their own centre. But between the natural peace of unselfconsciousness, things and peace, there is long travelling for the soul and the endurance of all agony and experience."

* * * * *

In two modern novels which I have read recently there were descriptions of an English Sunday. The first was in Charles Morgan's new book, *A Breeze of Morning*. This is a most lovely and charming novel full of the "deep magics" of first love. The narrator of the story looks back and remembers his youth at the beginning of this century. He says, "Sundays, in my home, were by no means the days of gloom and repression which are often depicted in modern accounts of the period, but they were made to differ from week-days in every way possible. . . . We all wore different clothes; the maids had prettier caps and aprons and put them on earlier in the day, presumably because little housework was done after breakfast that morning. No games were played, no gardening was permitted, no form of physical exercise except walking was undertaken, but if you had work to do—Howard's briefs, my scholarship, or my father's plans—why, then you must do it, for work, which made for advancement, or in his own case for the better service of the railway, was in my father's view sacred . . . we would spend the afternoon basking. There was no sanctimonious hush, but I believe it to be true that we talked more quietly than at other times and always of peaceful subjects. Nothing happened that was not in the order of things. My father resisted the temptation of politics—except parish politics when the vicar came to tea. There was no newspaper. Personal controversy was avoided. 'Six days a week', my father would say, 'are enough to quarrel in.'"

What a contrast is to be found in the modern Sunday as described by a Dutch girl in Elizabeth Taylor's latest novel, *A Game of Hide and Seek*. This novel has all the author's usual penetration and subtle observation and is one of the most appealing books I have read for a long time.

The Dutch girl writes this. "Sunday was a strange day. They wore, not their best, but rather shabbier clothes than on other days. In old flannels, an elbow out of his leather-patched jacket, Charles (the husband) would first clean his car and then go out for a drink. When guests came for a sherry before lunch, they were all shabby too. Instead of a holiday, it seemed the day for doing all the odd jobs. Harriet (the wife) washed the hair-brushes and her powder puffs. After lunch, the day seemed to peter out; streets emptied; Sunday papers made a great litter; smoke hung in a haze. Charles dozed. If people called unexpectedly before supper, they were hailed and no wonder, as a relief to the monotony. Drinks were again brought out. . . . No one went to church but her."

There could scarcely be more vivid contrasts, and as far as Sundays are concerned I don't think we have improved.

In *Three Romantic Countries* (Macdonald, 15s.), Douglas Goldring writes about visits to Dalmatia, Ireland and Portugal, countries which, among many others he visited, he found especially "romantic". They were pre-war visits, but none the less interesting for that. In fact his description of Dublin "on the eve", in 1916, is particularly colourful. Dalmatia and Portugal are colourful in the same literal sense, and his descriptions of them makes one long for an unlimited purse and the time to travel there. R.L.

WHAT MEN DO LOOK ON THIS—

I. A CHRISTMAS ADDRESS

By Howard G. Matson

(Unitarian minister, Santa Monica, California, U.S.A.)

ONE OF the Christmas legends about the birth of Jesus tells of the Wise Men who came from the East and brought gold and frankincense, and myrrh to the babe in the manger. Another legend tells of shepherds who flocked their sheep in the fields by night and saw a large star suspended motionless. Looking at the star, the shepherds were startled to hear the singing of heavenly voices. At first they were afraid but one of the voices said, "Fear not, I bring you good tidings of great joy". And then the angels sang. I do not know the tune the angels sang or anything of the quality or timbre of their voices. But the lyrics were good—"peace on earth, good will to men". These were the lyrics the angels sang.

There was a light that shone from heaven upon the shepherds in the field that night. The implication in the legend is that the light was somehow special. It was something more than light from moon or star—but seemingly came from the angel song and from the lyrics they sang. Can there be any doubt there is something special about Christmas-time? and that a light always shines upon earth when men are caught up in the magic of that song? The music may change but the lyrics cannot change for the music has no meaning without them. Now as then—then as now—on any place where light may shine—in any pasture where a shepherd tends his flocks—in any manger where a baby lays—wherever wise men travel toward an East—the lyrics of a Christmas night must be the same of "peace on earth, good will to men".

I wonder if Christmas changes men's hearts? It seems to me I am changed on a Christmas night—does it seem that way to you? Yet I wonder how deep the changes go and whether the miracle of Christmas time possesses power to bless the earth as golden voices are reputed to have caressed the shepherds in the field so long ago? I wonder if these lyrics go deep into the hearts of men—write large upon that human instrument, the heart, from whence the golden sounds emerge. How wondrous a sound will yet come forth if Christmas lyrics really match the pretence of the music. What new masters of the lute and lyre shall yet appear to charm us with the strains of heavenly tune!—if but the words are true—honest and fine words—fit to set to polyphony of common song—words men sing together as a multitude sang out on Christmas night with "peace on earth, good will to men".

A field for shepherds is a fitting place for setting of such song. The scene is good—a country place, a starry sky, productive work like herding sheep, and common men like shepherds. Shepherds are usually quiet men—apt to look into a vault of heaven—to notice any star hanging motionless upon a sky—and not too sophisticated to doubt that heavenly voices sing. The problem for us is something else again—how to take this common song with simple lyric to the more sophisticated places. How fine it would be if angels would come again and sing that song at the United Nations! How fine it would be if high over Blair House in Washington, over Downing Street in London, way up over the Kremlin, and in the vault of a topaz Chinese sky—the voices should even now float down with "peace on earth, good will to men". No doubt many stars would hang motionless at the audacity of such a simple song! No doubt many wise men would scurry back and forth with diplomatic pouch upon their modern camel's back. Yet in many a manger too, little lives would chuckle unconcerned, not knowing life had been saved by the incredible simplicity of a Christmas miracle. What power angels possess today if they sing such heavenly lyric through the throats of men! What charm there is to human voice when the golden sound has such a heavenly meaning! How miserable are the lesser men—hymen and priests alike—who stand within the shining light of a Christmas night and mutter incantations about brother killing brother, or how atom bombs are merely bows and arrows on a larger scale. How miserable are the men who only speak on Christmas night of the evil in other men's hearts. Away with such a plodding, pedestrian, heartless charlatanism of the human spirit! What do they know about Christmas? What do they know about life? not to say its miracle? Our advice to them is this: go out into the cool, fresh, clean Galilean air and listen to voices that come from stars, and hear the music with the lyrics of "peace on earth, good will to men".

—AND THIS

II. "THE FRIGHTENED ANIMAL"

By F. W. M. QUIGLEY

SIX ARMED sepoys sat in the back of the truck, one of them holding the end of a rope which pinioned the arms of a big Jat whose wrists were already manacled. He stood swaying uneasily to the movement of the vehicle, his shaven head uncovered; wearing a khaki shirt and pantaloons. The shirt, low cut, had no collar and his thick muscular neck rose out of it like the trunk of a tree.

I watched the truck draw up before the Quarter Guard and a sallow European officer alight from the forward compartment. I watched the escort to the prisoner dismount and draw off—like an animal on a lead-string—the bound man. I saw them march him over to the cells and after an interval, heard the steel doors close upon him.

Often I had seen strings of dejected prisoners under native constables shuffling along the dusty road to the Central Jail but I had not before seen a man so closely guarded and trussed as this man, and I was not surprised when I learned that he had shot his Company Commander, a Sikh major of the battalion he was serving with in Madras, and that he was to be hanged. He was to be hanged at the Central Jail because he came from these parts—an outlying village—and his widow would be able to take the body away.

All day I tried to forget about what I had seen. It was, I told myself, none of my business. But the thought of him persisted. With pain I could not but help feeling that for practical purposes he had ceased to be considered a man and was become an animal to be led to the slaughter. He had had hope taken out of his living and there was nothing he could do about it—he had no future.

The human side of him which lives on hope must be dead or near dying—it was almost two months since sentence was passed. For two months, in every moment of consciousness a little of his humanity must have been dying—knowing the end of it all. The man he had killed died suddenly, in a moment of unawareness, he had live a full life until the bullet stilled him.

In the late afternoon I was watching the young recruits at their hockey—little flat faced men from the Kumaon Hills and long legged Jats. Remembering the condemned man, the fun and life of them smote me. He had been like one of these. As I watched, the light suddenly changed, became that soft golden light you get at this time in India, at the end of the rains and the beginning of the cold weather; light in which distance becomes blue mystery and near things acquire gilded delicacy; light in which a lined face moulds to beauty and a young face stirs the heart with delight and pity. I wondered if he saw it like this too.

His cell faced the playing fields. I found myself going towards it. I found him gripping the iron bars and staring, staring out at this lovely world. I halted while I was yet a little way from him, feeling myself a vulgar intruder, wishing I could retreat, wishing I could tear my eyes from him. Suddenly he sensed my gaze and looked around quickly. The tension left him; the big muscular frame slumped; with resignation and despair the hands on the bars loosened their grip and dropped. I had destroyed the moment for him! And there would never be another, though the beauty of it be charged with so much pain.

Already the lovely light had faded out of the sky which was taking other sudder colours. I had a longing to make amends, to show even with silence my inarticulate sympathy, and so made my second mistake.

I advanced to the iron bars, and as I did so he shrank back like a frightened animal. I knew, looking into those dark restless eyes and seeing the taut stillness of him, that he was terribly afraid. "Jowan", I said gently—using the kindly word we used for all our soldiers—"is there anything I can do for you? Have you any requests?" Complete silence—he just stared. "Here", I said, "I have some cigarettes—I'll

light one for you." He shook his head. I knew as I turned away that human sympathy meant nothing to him now; that the capacity to respond had almost gone; that he had become very nearly all animal—a frightened animal.

I did not see him again.

At three o'clock in the morning I heard the lorry pass down the white road from the Cantonment to the dark sleeping mass of the city. Taut and wakeful, I could see the Jat at that unreal hour, bound and manacled and staring—staring as they swung through the silent streets out to the jail.

TO MAKE IT CLEAR

By Margaret Dickin

I HAVE never wished more to have Humpty Dumpty's gift of making words mean what he wanted, and presumably of getting that meaning across to others, by merely saying them more, than over the words Retreat and Quiet Day.

They are unfamiliar words in our denomination, and so are apt to convey a wrong idea, resulting in the distress of their supporters, and the general confusion of those supporters' purposes!

The plain truth about them is this; just as a holiday gives a chance—if it is spent in the right way—of added strength and vigour pervading the whole physical make-up, so a Retreat or a Quiet Day gives an opportunity for receiving and developing renewed vitality of spirit. The direct result of taking part in such things should be shown in a fresh and joyful return to everyday life, and a zest in the devotional and institutional life of our churches such as the writer at least has not been able to obtain by any other means.

In a recent INQUIRER the Editor spoke of our powerlessness to translate into practice our spiritual insights, vividly seen and passionately believed in. He wrote: "If only a part, for instance, of the vision perceived in one of the meetings at the last annual gatherings of the General Assembly could be carried over in a continuous way to the life of the churches there would be a new stirring already. But the vision once seen seems to die away. There is no passion of effort afterwards from those who have seen it". I would maintain that only the practice of prayer can inspire lastingly the "passion of effort"; only in prayer and meditation can the vision seen on the Mount of Transfiguration be kept alive. The conference is valuable to inspire, to hammer out, to clarify; prayer alone will keep the vision alive and inspire the "passion of effort" when group enthusiasm is lacking. The aim of the Retreat is to develop the dynamic of prayer, which shall keep the vision alive, when the talking is done.

Now meditation and prayer are harder to learn than a skilled game or a musical instrument. The man or woman who sets out to be a competent athlete or a good musician would accept without question the fact that hours must be spent in practising to acquire proficiency; but, by some strange antic of the human brain, we have deceived ourselves into believing there is no necessity to learn meditation and prayer, and that when we want their help and inspiration we can call them to our aid at will. Stories come to one's mind of people in sudden danger or distress who want to pray, but who find they have forgotten the words of even the Lord's Prayer.

Then, too, the artist or writer or musician is not considered an escapist if he withdraws to his studio or study where, in seclusion, he finds the inspiration for the creative work through which he gives to his Creator and his fellow men the very best that is in him. It is not escapism or defeatism that sends people to silence and prayer but a longing to know God, and so serve Him and their fellow men better. Christ himself spent long hours in withdrawal from the distractions of the world to equip himself for his supreme self-giving.

But no one with any judgment or common sense would presume to be dogmatic in these matters. In our free faith we must each assume responsibility for our own spiritual development. All that is wanted is that within the Unitarian and Free Christian Movement it should be possible for those who seek such times of devotional quiet to be able to get them.

As one who has been responsible in some measure for this movement I should like to say how much kindness and help has been received in the first efforts made, both from those who wanted to share the experiment and those who following a rather different path, only wished it God speed.

Plans are already being made for next year. It is hoped, through the kindness of the Principal and the College Committee, to hold a three day Retreat at Unitarian College, Manchester, from July 28 to August 1; there will be a Quiet Day at Flowery Field Church, Hyde, on April 9, and at our Southend and Crewkerne churches, on dates to be announced.

The Rev. W. A. M. Hellaby and the Rev. Ernest Penn will be two of the conductors. Full particulars of all these events will be announced later.

THE BASIS OF BELIEF

By John Rowland

ONE OF the problems often overlooked, by believers and unbelievers alike, is the decision as to how we are to justify our religious ideals and beliefs. Those who own allegiance to one or other of the more dogmatic of the Christian Churches do not, of course, need to justify the foundations. If a person accepts the ruling of a Pope or an Archbishop on theological or ethical matters one does not need to do anything but agree with the rules laid down by authority. But a group of Free Christians, trying to put into effect the ideals of few men of genius in the religious sphere, have a more fundamental question to face.

Mr. Robin Skynner, who writes on "Beliefs and Assumptions" in the 1952 issue of *The Rational Annual* (Watts, 2s. 6d.), has tried, not without some success, to work out this problem from the sceptical side. He admits, what few of the more old-fashioned school of Rationalists would admit, that if a man who says that only a complete acceptance of science as the only real avenue to knowledge can make sense of the material universe, is asked "How do you know that the material universe makes sense?" he can return no logical and satisfactory answer. (Here I paraphrase Mr. Skynner.)

And I think that, to those of us who revere the spiritual insight and the ethical ideals of Jesus, the same objection has to be faced. If we are told that our ideas are wishful thinking (to use the popular catch-phrase of our day), that there is no way of knowing that the world has any sound ethical basis, and that, save in such obviously social matters as the prohibition of theft and murder, there can be no absolutes of behaviour, then it is very difficult to reply without thought. But the Free Christian has one way out of the apparent *impasse* which is not open to the Rationalist. The Rationalist, believing that science can tell us more about the ultimate issues of existence than any other sphere of knowledge—believing, indeed, that the existence of a spiritual world is difficult, if not impossible, of proof—cannot say why it is that as the world gets more scientific it gets in many ways more insecure. Of course, the advances of medicine are now curing many people who in the past would have died; but there seems little enough point in curing people afflicted with tuberculosis if they are to perish in the explosion of an atom bomb. And yet science of itself cannot say that the research worker who is studying tuberculosis is necessarily doing anything better than the research worker who is producing bigger and better explosions.

Finally and fundamentally the decision as to what is right and wrong (even as to what is right and wrong in a particular situation at a particular time) must be a religious decision. And the man who uses his free mind to decide the basis of his belief must take note of the direction in which a general acceptance of that belief would lead humanity. There can, I think, be no doubt where Christianity, freely applied and freely interpreted, would lead. But where science would lead, unless controlled and directed by moral and ethical ideals, seems to me to be at least doubtful. And that is why Rationalism, in so far as it is pure science-worship, is gradually losing its hold on thoughtful people in our time.

Typewriters, telegrams, and telephones have no doubt had a lowering effect on the standard of modern handwriting. Speed is everything today. It is therefore all the more pleasing to see a book on the art of calligraphy. Aubrey West, in *Written by Hand* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.), puts forward sound reasons for its preservation, and gives a brief history of calligraphy, with reproductions of classic examples. It is interesting to note that few of the samples of contemporary handwriting, here reproduced, surpass in beauty or legibility those of several centuries ago. R.L.

UNITARIAN LINKS WITH FAMOUS FEMINIST

By R. D. Woodall

APRIL 8 next will mark the 125th anniversary of the birth of Barbara Leigh Smith, one of the founders of Girton College, Cambridge, and herself a distinguished worker for the emancipation of women in the nineteenth century.

A Unitarian by background and upbringing, Barbara Leigh Smith was the daughter of Benjamin Leigh Smith, M.P. for Norwich at the time of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and granddaughter of William Smith, the friend of Wilberforce in the struggle against slavery in the British Empire.

Related to Florence Nightingale, she received what, in the 19th century, was considered an unorthodox education. Allowed to attend her father's Westminster Infant School, which was managed on most progressive lines by James Buchanan, she received an education similar to that received by her brothers. At her father's home she met as a young woman many exiled Poles, Hungarians, Italians and Frenchmen, and was allowed to read whatever she liked, including volumes like Combe's *Moral Philosophy*.

When she was 21, her father bestowed on her £300 a year which she could spend exactly as she pleased. This gave her an independence enjoyed by few women in early Victorian days.

Losing her mother when young, Barbara Leigh Smith inherited much of her father's independence of mind, and in 1849 was one of the first students to enrol at the newly founded Ladies' College in Bedford Square, later to become the Bedford College.

Keenly interested in art, in 1850 she and her friend, Bessie Parkes, were permitted the then unheard of liberty of being each other's chaperon on a tour through Belgium, Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Adopting a style of dress regarded as extremely unconventional at that time, she became friendly with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, then the only woman in the English-speaking world who had dared to challenge convention and qualify as a doctor.

Refusing to accept the dogmas of any accepted religious creed, Barbara Leigh Smith, a friend of George Eliot, who made her her model for *Romola*, herself pioneered a London school at the Portman Hall. "Boys were taught by the side of girls; and the children of Jews and Free Thinkers sat cheek by jowl with those of Catholics and Unitarians. All classes of society were represented and the children of a leading physician learned to read beside those of the poorest workman. Children of other nations were welcomed and at one time Barbara numbered Garibaldi's son amongst her charges." In this enterprise she had the assistance of Octavia Hill.

Publishing in 1854 a pamphlet showing some of the disabilities under which women then lived, and campaigning in the early eighteen-fifties for a Married Women's Property Act, in 1857 she married a French doctor whom she had met in Algiers. Dr. Eugene Bodichon, her husband, was a pioneer believer in preventive medicine and a keen anthropologist and explorer. Travelling widely in America where she attended negro services and saw a slave auction, she began to champion the cause of women's suffrage and electioneered for John Stuart Mill when he contested Westminster with "Votes for Women" as part of his programme.

Living for long periods with her husband in Algiers, she was a generous donor to Girton College from its inception and for a short period acted as Mistress there with Lady Stanley of Alderley.

A friend of William Allingham, the poet, and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in 1877 she settled in Cornwall and shortly afterwards was stricken with paralysis. Living on till 1891, she still retained an active interest in life and befriended Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, who won the Hughes Medal in 1906, and whose daughter Mrs. Ayrton Gould has served as Labour M.P. for Hendon North.

Barbara Leigh Smith belonged to that generation of Unitarians which claimed, "Money is a power to do good . . . a responsibility we must accept". Such money as she had she used in championing causes we accept as right today.

THE INQUIRER

All letters and manuscripts for the Editor must reach the Office not later than Monday morning for publication the same week. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

Subscription Rates: 19s. 6d. per annum (post free).

Those having any difficulty in obtaining copies of the paper should communicate direct with the publisher.

Address: 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

TEL.: BUS. 7334. Editorial: BUS. 2912

YELLOW STOCKINGS AND TUDOR COATS

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL BOYS AT HORSHAM CHAPEL

IT is a long time ago since Lamb, in a famous essay on Christ's Hospital, describes "the casual passer through the Cloisters standing still, entranced with admiration at the deep and sweet intonations" of the poet Coleridge, "while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity-boy!" Christ's Hospital on the outskirts of Horsham, has passed beyond the walls of the old Grey Friars to its present pleasing setting, in buildings of princely proportion. "Coleridge" and "Lamb" have become two comfortable, neighbourly and leaf-clad "Houses" in the School grounds, and yet at the whisper of music from Christ's Hospital the mood of the ancient entrancement returns. The singing of Carols to the public in the School Chapel and the sound of the School's broadcast voices at Christmas have a strong appeal to the stranger without the gates.

This was noted recently on two occasions when the Madrigal Choir of the School paid a visit to the oldest nonconformist cause in Horsham, the Unitarian Church. (Boys are "entered" at our great Public Schools because their parents can afford to educate them, but the fact that no boy is admitted to Christ's Hospital, unless it can be proved that his parents or guardians cannot, makes this School the great nonconformist in the educational world.) On the first visit the full Choir gave a rendering of madrigals and carols. Clad in their yellow stockings and attractive Tudor dress, they sat in the shade of a lighted Christmas tree. Aisles, gallery and gallery steps were pressed into startled and unfamiliar use, and when the master of prick-song raised his baton to begin it might almost seem that the spirits of Elia and Coleridge (both alleged of the faith) hidden high in the rafters, rejoiced to hear the walls of the ancient meeting-house re-echo to the accents of the inspired charity-boys. On the second occasion a week later, a Dickens' Recital was made livelier still by a handful of caroling trebles.

Christ's Hospital's history has much to say of preachers and poets and song. It might almost be said that in the voice of men and of angels the School first took its rise. Moved by a sermon preached by Bishop Ridley on the subject of Charity, Edward VI, the boy king, had St. Thomas's Hospital, Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, conjured in 1552, just 400 years ago, into simultaneous life. An "Old Blue", Robert Dow, in 1609, is found leaving a sum of money "to augment the salary of the music master and to teach the art of music and prick-song" and should we need further proof recall the names of a few of her literary and musical sons! Edmund Campion, the lyrist, and George Peele, the dramatist, both of Shakespeare's day. Lamb and Coleridge, the School's greatest "Old Blues", and their friend, the author of "Abou Ben Adhem", Leigh Hunt; Lawrence Tuttiett, Canon of St. Ninian's, two of whose hymns, "Father let me dedicate All this year to Thee" and "Grant us thy light that we may know The wisdom Thou alone canst give" appear in "Hymns of Worship", was there in the 19th century, and Edmund Blunden, the poet, J. Middleton Murry and Constant Lambert are "Old Blues" of our own time. As if to ensure that Music should be a part of their daily food, the boys, headed by their own drum-major, by old tradition, are all drummed in to their mid-day meal, and even the School Song in the simple and moving lines of Upcott, one of the School's greatest Headmasters, does not belie, as so often happens, the prowess of the School.

Praise the Lord for our Foundation,
Praise Him for our holy name,
Christ our Host and our salvation,
Yesterday, to-day, the same.
In His tender love he sought us
When we needed most His aid,
By the hand of man He brought us
To the Home His love had made.

J.M.H.

GLADYS KELTON

With the sudden passing of Gladys Kelton, née Williment, the Old Meeting (Unitarian) Church at Great Yarmouth has lost a greatly loved personality. The daughter of Mr. J. Williment, who was secretary to the church committee at the beginning of the century, Mrs. Kelton was largely responsible for the founding of the Sunday School. For many years her quiet devotion to the cause at Yarmouth served as an inspiration to all with whom she worked, and except for a period spent in America, she gave unstintingly of her time and labour. As a speaker at Women's Meetings and Rallies her natural wit and great personal charm endeared her to her audiences. It is with deep affection that she is remembered by two generations of Sunday School scholars. Among her many activities within the organization were included the duties of organist, which she carried out with characteristic zeal. As a traditional Unitarian she held unflinchingly to her faith, but never failed to extend a ready tolerance to those holding views which differed from her own. An active member of Toc H and the W.V.S., Gladys Kelton leaves many friends who have come to remember her unfailing kindness and gentle manner. A well attended Memorial Service was held on Sunday, December 9.

CALENDAR

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30th, 1951

ABERDEEN, Un. Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Rev. GORDON BEVERLEY.
AINSWORTH, Un. Ch., Knowsley Rd., 11 and 3, Rev. B. GILL.
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. VALLANCE.
ANSDELL. (See Lytham St. Annes.)
ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. MATHER.

BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Mr. REGINALD THOMAS.
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. AGNEW.
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11 and 7, Rev C. J. MONTGOMERY.
BESSELS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. W. SPOONER.
BILLINGSHURST, Free Church, South Street, 11.15, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, Bessborough Road, 6.30, Mr. CUNETON.
BIRMINGHAM, Ch. of Messiah, Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GORDON STUART.
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Mr. A. BENTON.
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. D. JONES.
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. ARTHUR WHITTAKER.
BOLTON, Bank St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. GORDON DAVIES.
BOLTON, Halliwell Rd. Free Ch., 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Rd., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. L. TOSELAND.
BOSTON (Lincs), Spain Lane Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. C. SIMPSON.
BOURNEMOUTH, Un. Ch., West Hill Rd., 11, Rev. L. REDFERN.
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. FRANK A. BULLOCK.
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampiet Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 6.30, Mr. F. BARR.
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. RANDALL JONES.
BRIGHTON, Christ Church Unitarian, New Road, 11, Rev. J. WILSON, 6.30, Dr. H. W. STEPHENSON.
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Mr. S. R. BUTLER.
BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, Clifton, 11, Rev. J. TYSSUL DAVIS, 6.30, No Service.
BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Rev. W. HILL WAREING.
BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. RYDE.

CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Ch., Emmanuel Rd., 11 and 6, Rev. H. STEWART CARTER.
CARDIFF, The West Grove Un. Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. HELEN PHILLIPS.
CARLISLE, Unitarian Church, Lorne Street, 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Supply.
CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hamond Hill, 3, Rev. WILL HAYES.
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Ch., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. STANLEY PETERS.
CHOWBENT CHAPEL, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
COMLEY, Stuffs, Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. C. WHITEMAN.
CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Miss LIVINGSTONE.
CREWKERNE, Un. Ch., Hermitage St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. TERRY.
CROYDON, Free Christian Ch., Wellesley Rd., 11, Rev. J. P. CHALK.

DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY. STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. E. WRIGLEY.
DENTON, Wilton Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN GILL.
DERBY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. M. CONSTANCE HARRIS.
DITCHLING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Mr. JEREMY GOSLING.
DONCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. PARKINSON.
DOVER, Adrian Street Un. Ch., 6.30, Rev. ETHEL KAY.
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. SAMUEL HICKS.
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11, Rev. K. C. THATCHER, 6.30, Lay Preacher.
DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. SYDNEY P. WHITEHOUSE.

EDINBURGH, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. TAYLOR.
ESSEX, George's Chapel, South St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. B. FISHER.

GEE CROSS, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. HARRY SMITH.
GLASGOW, St. Vincent Street Un. Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER REID.
GUILDFORD, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. NICOL CROSS.

HALE CHAPEL, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN STORER.
HALIFAX, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. PYPER.
HASTINGS, Free Chris. Ch., South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. DENNISON HEYNE.
HAWORTH, Guest Meeting, Briers Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. C. H. BARTLETT.
HEATON, Washing Road, 6.30, Rev. J. MARTIN HALL.
HEBDEN, Unitarian Free Church, 6.30, Miss JOYCE HASLEHURST.
HUDDERSFIELD, Fitzwilliam St., 11, Rev. DUDLEY RICHARDS.
HULL, Park St. Ch. (Un.), 6.30, Rev. RALPH PHILIPSON.

IPSWICH, Friars Street, 11, Rev. WM. HAWORTH, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Churchgate Street, 6.30, Rev. WM. HAWORTH.

KENDAL, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. PIPER.
KNARESBOROUGH, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. WHITAKER.
KNUTSFORD, Brook St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. STUDLEY MEREDY.

LANCASTER, St. Nicholas Street Church, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. L. HALL.
LEEDS, Mill Hill Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. R. W. WELSH.
LEICESTER, Narborough Rd., 11, Junior Ch., 6.30, ——.
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, East Bond St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. LEONARD MARTIN.
LEICESTER, Vernon Hall, Gorton Walk, 11, Miss M. GRIFFITHS.
LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11, Dr. H. W. STEPHENSON.
LINCOLN, High Street Unitarian Church, 6.30, Supply.
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. A. GARRARD.
LIVERPOOL, Renshaw Street Church, 6.30, Mr. S. H. KNIGHT.
LIVERPOOL, Domestic Mission, Hill St., 6.30, Rev. J. KENT MEMMOTT.
LIVERPOOL, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART.
LIVERPOOL, Hamilton Rd., Everton, 6.30, Rev. BRIAN L. GOLLAND.
LIVERPOOL, Hope Street, 11, Rev. T. KIER MURREN, 6.30, Rev. GRACE MEWHORT.
LIVERPOOL, Ullet Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. SHIRVELL PRICE.
LONDON, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. WALTER M. LONG.
LONDON, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. A. J. LONG.
LONDON, Brixton, Effra Rd., 11, Rev. E. G. LEE.
LONDON, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN C. BALLANTYNE.
LONDON, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Supply.
LONDON, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN CROFT.
LONDON, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. W. H. CORDELL.
LONDON, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Rev. A. J. LONG.
LONDON, Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. G. J. G. GRIEVE.
LONDON, Ilford, High Road, 6.30, Rev. JOHN KIELTY.
LONDON, Islington Unitarian Church, Upper Street, Preston Hall, 7, Rev. A. V. FOX.
LONDON, Kilburn, Unitarian Chr. Ch., Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX, 7, Junior Church.
LONDON, Lewisham, Un. Ch., High St., 11, Mr. DOUGLAS MILLIARD.
LONDON, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Rd., Knotts Green, 6.30, Rev. G. E. HALE.
LONDON, Mansford Street Chapel, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. DUMBLE.
LONDON, Richmond Free Ch., Ormond Road, 11, Rev. G. E. HALE.
LONDON, Stratford, West Ham Lane Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. C. NEWTON.
LONDON, Theistic Ch., 28 Bell Street, Edgware Road, 11, First Sunday in the month. Jan. 6, Rev. J. W. DUMBLE.
LONDON, Wandsworth, Un. Ch., East Hill, 11, Rev. A. PEACOCK.
LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 1st and 3rd Sundays.
LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. F. HANKINSON.
LONDON, Woolwich, Dallin Road, S.E., 11.15, School, 6.30, ——.
LOUGHBOROUGH, Victoria St., 6.30, Supply.
LYTHAM ST. ANNES (Ansdell), Unitarian Church, Channing Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. CRABTREE.

MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL HILTON.
MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT.
MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. KENWORTHY.
MANCHESTER, Failsworth, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. PAPKIN.
MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. COTTIER.
MANCHESTER, Monton Ch., Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS.
MANCHESTER, Pendleton Un., Cross Lane, 6.30, Mr. T. W. ROBERTS.
MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.
MANCHESTER, Renshaw St. Mission, 6.30, Rev. A. J. HEALE.
MANCHESTER, Stand Ch., Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. D. FOOTE.
MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 6.30, Mr. A. E. POTTS.
MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Un. Church, Brownley Rd., Benchill, 6.30, Mr. J. S. HALLAM.
MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINN.
MARPLE, Unitarian Hall, 31 Stockport Road, 3, each Sunday.
MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Ch., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES.
MIDDLESBROUGH, Christ Ch. Unitarian, Corporation Rd., 6.15, Rev. A. E. MORRIS.
MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 6.30, Rev. JOHN EVANS.
MORECAMBE (see LANCASTER).
MORTON-IN-MARSH, 3, NEWTON ABBOT, 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOOKE.
MOSSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Road, 10.45 and 6, Mr. ERIC SHAW.

NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Supply.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. COHAM DAVIES.
NORTHAMPTON, Kettering Road Church, 11, Rev. A. M. LEWIS.
NORWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENDREW.
NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON BOLAM.

OLDBURY, Unitarian Church, Birmingham St., 11, Children's Service 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GORE.
OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL.
OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, Dr. H. J. MCLACHLAN.

PADIHAM, Nazareth Unitarian Ch., Knight's Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. HILL WAREING.
PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH.
PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Centre, Honnicombe Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. KIMBLEY.
POOLE, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11.15, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. E. PERRY.
PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. J. R. STUBBS.
PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church St., 6.30, Rev. ALBAN WILLIAMS.

RENDLESHAM, Hants, the Meeting House, 11, Rev. H. J. ROBERTSON.
ROCHDALE, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. BIRD.
ROSSENDALE, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. WM. MILLER.
RYE, Adiaconn Rd., 11, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.

SALE, Atkinson Rd., 11, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.
SCARBOROUGH, Un. Ch., Westborough, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS.
SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Cemetery Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. DAVIES.

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CONVALESCENCE or rest? St. Leonards, Sussex, is medically commended for winter; sunny; mild (sheltered from N. and N.E.); Curative Baths; Orchestra daily in nearby Sun Lounge. See Normanhurst announcement above. Meals in bedroom gladly. Hotel (35 beds) always warm throughout (central heating every room), faces South, best position, opposite all-weather promenade; abundant sun shelters.

SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. SOKELL.
SHEFFIELD (Attercliffe), 6.30, Mr. T. H. MORRIS.
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. S. WHITBY.
SHREWSBURY, High St., Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. LEWIS.
SIDMOUTH, High Street Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. CHARLES EASTON.
SOUTHAMPTON, Kell Memorial Hall, Belle Vue Road, 6, No Service.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Dunlay Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. E. G. GREEN.
SOUTHPORT, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. BIRTLES.
ST. HELENS, Corporation St., 6.30, Rev. DUNCAN P. STEWART.
STOCKPORT, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. IRVIN HODGSON.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, Wellington St., 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARTIN.
STOURBRIDGE, Presbyterian Un. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ROSALIND LEE.
SWANSEA, Pennard, Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. B. VINEY.
SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. B. VINEY.
SWINTON, Swinton Hall Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WILD.
TAVISTOCK, The Abbey Chapel, 3.15, Rev. E. H. KEMBLEY.
TENTERDEN, Old Meeting House, Ashford Rd., 6.30, Rev. G. KEMBLE.
TODMORDEN, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Rev. M. JOHNSON.
TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpellier Road, 6.30, Mr. R. D. WOODALL.
TROWBRIDGE, Conigre Unitarian Ch., 11 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS.
WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR W. HILL.
WARRINGTON, Cairo St., 10.30 and 6.40, Rev. E. W. DEAKIN.
WATFORD, Friends House, Derby Rd. (by permission), 7.30, Last Sunday in the Month.
WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 6.30, Mr. P. J. SPENCER.
WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS.
WHITBY, Flowergate Chapel, 6, Miss N. GILL.
YORK, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Supply.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, the N.U.F., 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE, Un. Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. COLIN GRANT.

THE

UNITARIAN COLLEGE, MANCHESTER

1854-1954

Centenary Appeal Fund

To reach our target of £10,000 by 1954 we must aim at
£6,000 by January 1, 1952
(we had reached £4,100 by July 1, 1951)
Please send a New Year's Gift to the Fund

Many people have asked us recently, *"Why do you need to go on with the Appeal, now that Manchester College, Oxford, and the Unitarian College, Manchester, have agreed to work together financially as well as academically? Surely that has resolved all the financial difficulties?"*

This question expresses a widely held belief, and it should be clearly answered.

This is the answer. **"The Appeal Fund needs your support as much now**—more so, in fact—**as it ever did.** Joint financial working will undoubtedly ensure that every penny of disposable investment income received by M.C.O. or U.C.M. is used for the training of ministers. But **the hard fact is that the combined incomes of the two colleges are not adequate to meet their needs.** Money is urgently needed: and it is **needed now—this month—to-day".**

Please support the Fund now, personally, or through your church. **The supply of new Ministers to empty pulpits depends directly on the success of the Appeal Fund.**

Gifts (and applications for seven year Covenant forms, which enable the Fund to recover income tax at the standard rate of 9s. 6d. for each £1 subscribed) should be sent to:

A. K. ROSS, B.C.L., M.A., *Appeal Treasurer,*
24 BROOKS ROAD, MANCHESTER 16.

Will Church Treasurers and local Appeal Treasurers please send in their subscriptions for 1951 by December 31? The total reached by January 1, 1952, will be announced in THE INQUIRER for January 12.

PLEASE SPEED ANOTHER NEW MINISTER BY RAISING OUR TOTAL TO £6,000 BY NEW YEAR'S DAY.

MELBOURNE, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2; Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening, 7 p.m. Rev. V. JAMES.
SYDNEY, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15, Francis Street (off College St.), 7.15, Rev. J. B. TOSHER. Manse Telephone LX 5321.
UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIA, 1 Grice Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister: Rev. W. BOTTOMLEY. Meetings as advertised.
UNITARIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH, Austin Road, Seaford (Vic.). S.S. weekly at 2.15 p.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 3.15 p.m. Minister: Rev. W. BOTTOMLEY.

CANADA

MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke St. West, and Simpson St., 11, Rev. ANGUS CAMERON.
TORONTO, First Un. Ch., 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. W. P. JEMMETT.
VANCOUVER, B. C. Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,550 Tenth Avenue West, 11, Rev. JOHN A. CRAIG.
WINNIPEG, First Federated Church, Sargent and Banning, 11, English, 7, Icelandic, Rev. P. M. PETURSSON.

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Rd., 11 and 7, Rev. E. H. MORRIS.
WELLINGTON, Unitarian Free Church, Tisdall's Buildings, 100 Lambton Quay, Supply.

SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN, Hout St., 11, Sunday School, 7 o'clock Service, Rev. MAGNUS C. RATTER.

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Printed at THE CHANCERY PRESS, 2 Chancery Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published by THE INQUIRER PUBLISHING CO., LTD., at the Temporary Office, 14 Gordon Square, W.C.1.—Manchester (Wholesale), Jones Hargreaves, Deansgate. Saturday, December 29th, 1951.